

# WE ARE DELULU

## COMMISSION STORY

BY CHALDEACHANGE



> I've attached what you guys sent me, so make sure to practice your parts and make any last-minute adjustments!

Three different men both pondered the origins of an e-mail that they had received at roughly the same time after it had popped up in their inboxes. It was an e-mail sent by someone named 'Cecilia' and included a link to an mp3 track titled 'aodnewsong.mp3'. Those two context clues were enough to at least piece some things together. 'Cecilia' and more obviously 'AOD' were references to the gacha game, Zenless Zone Zero.

'AOD' was short for 'Angels of Delusion', a trio of up-and-coming teenaged idols that went by the names of Nangong, Sunna, and Aria. In fact, the game was in the middle of their release cycle with Sunna's banner over, Aria's ongoing, and Nangong's destined to be at the beginning of the following patch. The game had been going *hard* on their marketing too, and so the three that had noticed the e-mails – Joseph, Kay, and Axel – had all assumed that the e-mail was *part* of that marketing.

Because 'Cecilia' was the name of the AOD's manager and they had a history of sending in-character e-mails for promotional reasons across their games. And hey! There was a 30 Polychrome reward for clicking on the song link! And so? One by one, they all clicked on the link after talking within their Discord chat about it. They weren't expecting any harm to come of it. Why *would* they?

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Whether he was the first to do so or not, it hardly mattered. Joseph still clicked on the link after stating that there would probably be ‘no harm’ in doing so. He had done a quick scam check online to make certain that it wasn’t a known virus, but curiously he hadn’t found anything outright stating to the contrary, either. A quick virus scan after opening the link had things in the clear, and yet... He hadn’t noticed that even though a player had opened in his browser, said browser had begun to *download* the song at the same time. Well, the song *and* a program for music editing.

**“It must be one of the songs they’ve already revealed in promotional materials, right?”** That was what the man had assumed aloud to himself before clicking on the link, but he was surprised to find *after* clicking on it that it was a melody he hadn’t heard before. It had that same bubbly modern pop feel that many of the other songs of the Angels of Delusion possessed, but there was something about it that began to *nag* at him. **“Wasn’t that part... wrong?”** There was a note out of place, which was weird. The fact that he *noticed* it was weird, at least.

Joseph didn’t exactly have any musical expertise.

Even so, he couldn’t stop thinking – no, *worrying* – about it. Like leaving it there would have been some sort of personal *offense*. But that couldn’t have been the case. It was a track submitted by the ZZZ team. Maybe it was intentional? Could it be some sort of code? That *was* a viable explanation, but it didn’t stop the incessant worry building up deep in his chest, making it feel tight. He wasn’t immune to anxiety, but it all felt very... intense.

**“Hold on. I just need to take a deep breath...”** Or so he convinced himself. The man inhaled and exhaled, and it *felt* like it helped. But if you were examining his body as that happened? You probably would have come away with the *opposite* conclusion. As the man *inhaled*? The body hair upon his olive skin was all shed, leaving his skin hairless and smooth. And when he *exhaled*? That vaguely darker pigmentation *paled* as if the blood had drained from his veins. Of course it *didn’t* actually. That was his *new* natural pigmentation.

Because there wasn’t really any indication that could be *felt* that this had happened to him, the man hadn’t quite *noticed*. Joseph was still fixated on his growing anxiety, the incorrect note in the song, and how *that* was making his anxiety *even* worse. **“Wh-Why does my heartrate keep increasing? I can fix the song...! Er... Seriously!? Wh-Why would I do that!?”** Was he so freaked out that he was saying things he didn’t mean to? And what was going on with that *stutter*?

If the change of pigmentation had been difficult to notice, then the process overcorrected with something he absolutely *should* have noticed moments later. **“Ugh!?”** What he registered as *nausea* made the man quiver in place, and yet what had caused it was an *emptiness* between *her* legs as *her* genitalia were rearranged into a woman’s equivalent. **“A-Am I a girl?”** She felt too shy to *check*, but all things considered that had to be the case, right? It was peculiar that she described herself as a ‘girl’ and not a ‘woman’, however.

**“Wait... Wh-Why wouldn’t I be a girl!? That feels like a weird thing to say... right?”** *That* statement was arguably just as weird. Her sex *had* just changed, and her body was beginning to adjust to her newly adjusted estrogen levels, but she didn’t find it *strange*? She wasn’t put off by the sensation of her short, dark hair tickling her neck and shoulders? No, that felt... *normal*. Even though the short hair was clearly lengthening *and* thickening, and the strands were paling to an unnatural light *green* of all things.

It hung a few inches past her shoulder and was very messy, with her bangs hanging above a pair of eyes that narrowed in her eyelids right before the same green from her hair seeped into her irises. While Joseph anxiously pondered the reality of her own sex, her face continuous softened to better suit the absence between her legs. Round, plump cheeks puffed out, her nose shrunk into a tiny button, and her lips thinned but *swelled*, adapting into the form of a puffy pout that all in all made her look far...

*Younger*. Well, that and mixed race. Like she was half-White and half-Japanese. **“W-Wait!? What’s going on!? I’m gonna fall!”** The ‘woman’ felt a little *dizzy*, even though she actually *wasn’t*. She had just been knocked off balance by her body’s *height* and *weight distribution*, which was all *collapsing*. The youthfulness seen in her face hadn’t just been for show; she was slipping to better suit the age that face suggested. In a sense? Her height *plummeted*. She had been just below *six feet* tall at first, but as her limbs and torso condensed, she drooped all the way down to *5’1”*.

It made her look like a teenaged girl around sixteen or *seventeen*, right down to the size of her hands and feet. They had shortened and narrowed to better suit her height, but they were also a little... *twitchy*. It was a side effect of her anxiety. Even though she hadn’t actually *fallen*, that had still freaked her out. **“Th-That was weird...”** Weird enough that her pants and boxers had fallen off, and her men’s shirt was hanging off of her with her sleeves dangling past her hands.

**“W-WAIT!? WHAT AM I EVEN WEARING!?”** Considering everything that had happened thus far, perhaps it wasn’t *that* surprising

that her outfit was somehow what she'd taken issue with. It was so baggy that it was disguising the finishing touches that were being applied to her figure. Because of her age and height, they were definitely *subtler* than if she had been becoming a *woman* that was more... *buxom*.

But such fate wasn't in the stars for her. In fact, while her waist did slim a tad along with narrowed shoulders, and her hips *did* flare out into a pair of perky *A-cups*, that was still fairly paltry. Things below the belt attempted to make up for this, as her buttocks bubbled and her thighs gained enough weight to make them nice and plush (and were perhaps the most eye-catching part of her figure), but it was still the figure of a teenager in a city of *very* attractive older women.

...City?

**“Uh... Wait. Where do I live again...? It's... here, right?”** At some point, perhaps when she had been shrinking, her surroundings had *changed*. They had become a modern, cozy bedroom with a computer propped up on a pink desk. With a bunkbed beside the desk and a cabinet with figures and other important items to the left... Well, *everything* was pretty pink, even the walls! But from her point of view... it was *obviously* her room!

And by the time it even took her to come to that conclusion, the concerns she'd had about her outfit had been addressed too. She was dressed in a white, button-up shirt with short, puffy sleeves over a black-furred skirt that was *very* puffy. Striped, dark and light pink slouch socks were worn over a pair of pink boots, with a torn white legging underneath the sock on the right leg, attached to a pair of tiny pink belts with a pouch.

She had arm warmers that matched the socks, a red tie hanging half-done around her shirt's popped collar, and while her green hair was lifted into a ponytail by a four-pointed green star ornament, she had *four* clips in her hand pulling bangs away from her forehead's right side. Toss in a silver belt around her waist with black and green bows affixed to it, and green polish on her fingernails... and it was a very adorable outfit!

**“No, no, no, no! How did I m-miss that note!?! Is that what Miss Cecilia meant by ‘last minute adjustments’!?”** For a girl so



young, *Sunna* certainly took her music composing skills *seriously*. It was something that she had been passionate about even *before* joining the Angels of Delusion, and for such an *obvious* mistake (to her) to go unnoticed... it was *so* embarrassing! “**I need to fix that, stat!**” Preferably before Nangong could find a chance to tease her!

The girl flew back to the laptop on her desk, none the wiser to the fact that *so much* about her life was different from how it had been before. Even if you put aside her body, memories, and personality... her bedroom was *entirely* different now! It was definitely *Sunna's* room – and realistically who else would it belong to? – which meant she was *in* New Eridu. She was *in* Zenless Zone Zero! But to her? She was in the home she had lived in her entire life!

“**Hurry, hurry, hurry!**”

*DING!*

“**NOOOOOOOO!**”

That was definitely a DM from Nangong!

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The beginning of Kay's experience had been somewhat similar to Joseph's, but there were *some* differences in how the song was listened to. Ultimately, he'd been out at the time when he'd received that e-mail on a small shopping trip. That made it a little trickier to engage with the e-mail's contents, because he couldn't exactly start playing a music file in public without headphones. It wasn't like it was an emergency or anything either.

And yet... “**This might be a good spot.**” After settling in an elevator at the department store, he found a chance. He was the only person riding it, and it that meant there wouldn't be an issue if he snuck a peak at the song while the other two were doing so, right? Well, he was probably a little bit behind, but Axel and Joseph had both gone oddly quiet after saying they were about to listen?

And so, he opened the song on his phone. It was a catchy tune, and he couldn't stop moving his feet a bit like he was trying to... dance?

“**Whoa! Hey!**” Kay was definitely *trying* to stop, but it was in vain. They had been subtle movements to start, but they were becoming more *complicated*, and since he wasn't *used* to moving that way? He was beginning to feel *tired*. “**What is going on here? Is it the song?**” There wasn't a ton of room in the elevator, but it would also have been

embarrassing if the doors opened and people saw him dancing. But at the same time... shouldn't he have *been* at his floor by this point? There was *obviously* a number of things wrong, but...

***“This is a pretty good rhythm, though!”*** Despite it all, *that* was what he'd had to say? He ended up catching himself at least, but he didn't know what to say... and he was getting more and more fatigued by the foot movements... and then came a spin! **“W-Wait! This is exhausting!”** He was too old to be dancing around like that, right!? If things continued, something would give out eventually! Or so he *thought*, because he was looking at it from the perspective of someone who thought he would remain an adult.

But as had been the case with Joseph, there were *already* indicators to the contrary. It began in ways that were similar, too. One look at the man's face would reveal that any stubble upon its features was smoothing away, but that was the case when it came to *all* of his body's unneeded hair, particularly where it was more masculine to have hair grown. Kay had also felt exhausted a moment ago, but now? He didn't feel it as much.

Continuing with his face as the most obvious point of confirmation, his rise in energy had come courtesy of what appeared to be *rediscovered youth*. Most people didn't grow any taller after reaching the pinnacle of their teens, so his figure wasn't really disturbed by it too much initially. If anything, any excess weight his body had possessed had been shed so that he was a little *thinner*, and all of that dancing had led to a touch of tone applying itself to her abs and leg muscles.

The man had slipped back in years until he looked more like a *boy*. A boy that couldn't have been any older than *seventeen* or so, but there were still inconsistencies with that reality. After all, seventeen-year-old boys still had facial hair! **“I need to stop dancing! Hah! *But why stop when I'm inspired!?*”** It happened again. He had ended up blurting something out that he hadn't intended on saying in the first place again. Inspired by the song on the phone he was still clutching?

Kay's steps became more than a little off-balance as he continued to dance around, but... **“Woah! H-Hey!?! I guess that adds a little bit of spice to the movements, but... *Huh?*”** He'd thought that his voice had sounded a little higher pitched before, but now he was *confident* that he wasn't imagining it. But the stumbling was a more *pressing* issue, realistically. Each dance step he took felt shorter than the last, and he could *feel* his shirt and shorts growing baggier and baggier around him with each fumble.

It wasn't long before he stumbled *out* of his own shoes and socks, and his shorts fell right off only to be left alone *with* his boxers. "**Did I just get smaller, or are these clothes just really big?**" The fact that it wasn't *blatantly* obvious was concerning, but it was also on par for the course considering how breathlessly Joseph had eventually been assimilated into his own role. Nonetheless, he *had* shrunk down to 5'2" and was dancing around in only an *oversized* shirt at this point. Good thing it was still long enough to be worn like a dress!

Because of the motion from the dancing, which she had now recovered from her stumble and back into, *she* didn't realize that something *very* important had changed between her legs. It was hardly a concern when you didn't believe you had ever been a man in the first place, right? The rest of her body certainly appeared to agree, with her shoulders slimming and her waist pinching in even further than they had. Her hips, on the other hand, widened a pinch so that she stumbled one last time.

Even *amidst* that stumble her changes continued, however. Widened hips had led to Kay's legs being significantly farther apart than they had before, but her thighs burgeoned in an attempt to close that gap. It was an act that they only had mild success in, doubling in thickness as her butt rose into a perky bubbled ship befitting of her lessened height. Farther up, her chest blossomed with roughly the same vigor as Sunna's. The *A-cups* that puffed out were meager, but they made sense for a girl of her age too.

All throughout, her facial structure had gradually shifted. Even after it had become more youthful, her features had ended up softening to make her look more like the girl that she had biologically become. "**I feel weird. But I've totally had a brain blast with these steps!**" The funny thing was just how little Kay appeared to notice or care, even as red seeped into her eyes and her lids narrowed until her eyes appeared far more *Chinese* than anything. Pouty lips, a flatter nose, and a rounder face all contributed to this.

Her hair *wasn't* spared, naturally. It was already dark, but on average it became even *darker* as it crept longer. It reached just past her shoulders in length, but for some reason? Its ends began to curl *out* as pink was dyed into the undermost layer of its full length. This was confusing *until* all of her hair was pulled up and tied at the sides, making it look more like she had a pair of octopuses hanging from the sides of her head!

That hair bobbed as her dancing finally began to calm. Even though it had been a quick stint on the elevator, she'd worked up quite the sweat! She was a young girl now, one with seemingly perfect skin... beyond

what her shirt was obscuring on her back. The skin beneath her shoulder blades ended up darkening into an *X* that resembled a deep scar, and its existence remained unexplained until *after* her clothing changed.

Which didn't take long. **“Wow. All that and my clothes are dry? Did I pull off some magic or something?”** It would certainly seem that way from the maiden's perspective. After all, her outfit had become something entirely different in a flash. It consisted mostly of a white leotard with a cutout around her bellybutton and skirt ruffles around her hips with pink shorts worn underneath. Black thigh highs with jagged trim reached up to meet the jagged trim *of* those sorts, with black heels hoisting her height up several inches while leaving her heels and toes free from the white that bound them.

Otherwise, she was accessorized in a number of interesting ways. Detached, black sleeves with black fur around her wrists that were reminiscent of Sunna's skirt, black, green bows on her arms with little plushie heads affixed above them, pink bows in her hair, and... a *green halo*? It was similar to the ornament that held Sunna's hair in a ponytail, but it was just floating several inches off her head like an *angel*. Which, on that note... The leotard, despite having a uniform collar, had been backless so that you could see her scars. This was relevant because she felt a slight *pinch* beneath her shoulder blades, from which a pair of synthetic, white angel wings grew from with metallic studs throughout.

Were they prosthetics? Regardless, they didn't bother her at all.

**“Alright! I think I've got some choreo ideas!”** *Yu Nangong* cheered to herself as the elevator doors finally opened to reveal a futuristic hallway lined with automatic, wooden doors that would *naturally* open into a number of expensive-looking apartments. Even though Kay had been on an elevator going *down*, she was clearly on the top floor of the apartment building she was in, too. Much like Sunna, she didn't remember *any* of that, though!

Instead, she just remember things as they now were. After being sent a copy of their new song by Cecilia, Nangong had DMed Sunna to poke



fun at her for missing that extra note and had then run over to surprise her! Sunna's apartment was just at the end of the hall! On her way over, she'd been listening to the song over and over to think of some cool dance moves. Not only was she the *leader* of the Angels of Delusion, but she was also in charge of all of the choreography!

After stepping out of the elevator though, she looked around, confused. **"Eh? Where's Aria? It isn't like her to get here after me."** On her way over, she'd rung up the third member of their group so that they could surprise Sunna together. But the pink Intelligent Construct was nowhere to be seen! **"Oh, I know! I bet she's there... picking up a treat for everyone!"** That'd be *very* much like Aria, after all.

So, for now, she'd wait!

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**"I... Huh?"** Compared to how my two friends had been eased into things, I was utterly baffled to suddenly find myself in the bedroom of what was *likely* a young woman before my transformation had even begun. I'd simply played the song through my computer, only for my PC and everything surrounding me to change – plunging me into a space that was very *pink* and *girlish*. It was also *very* stylized. Bright posters, cute sheets, but... Something was off about it, too.

The bed, the chair... everything was built to be *very* durable, even though they were clearly designed for someone much shorter than myself. The overall aesthetic of everything was giving me Zenless Zone Zero vibes, but that didn't really make *sense*. Not when the game was *fictional*! Was it just a really convincing set? But then whose room would I be standing in? Either way, the song continued to play in the background...

And I found myself mouthing along to them like I somehow *knew* the lyrics. They weren't even in English!

**"W-Wait, that's weird..."** I had to fight to *stop* myself from singing along, and even then a part of me *wanted* to continue. It was like I felt compelled to. Or like I *had* to, because I had to... *practice*? But in the grand scheme of things, that was *hardly* the most bizarre thing happening to me in that moment. Not when— **"EEP!? Did...?"** I squeaked a sound out that was admittedly not all that masculine, but there was a reason for that.

I wasn't sure if I still had the equipment that *would* make me 'masculine' in the first place. I was hesitant to say as much, to admit that the feeling that I had made me squeak in the first place was a *tug* between my legs. I could no longer feel my bulge, but it was strange. If it

was gone then I should have felt *something*, right? Like something should have *opened* in its place? But it just felt... *numb*. I wasn't about to check but had I... then I might have realized I hadn't become a woman. Well, part of me was already beginning to recognize myself as a *woman*.

But I hadn't developed a slit. I was just *smooth* down there without anything pointing towards the masculine *or* the feminine.

Not even my pubes remained, and it wasn't like they had been just *shaved* away or anything. It was as if the follicles that the hair grew from had *completely* closed, and this became true of every hair follicle on my body aside from my scalp and eyebrows for the time being. Either way, I didn't— **“What is happening to me!?”** Well, I didn't get much of an opportunity to notice, because I was struck by a wave of inertia as the room around me became much... *larger*.

The room wasn't *growing*, naturally. It was me who was *shrinking*, and at least for the time being I could still tell that something was awry. I was a tall *and* obese man that was almost six feet tall, so it was difficult *not* to notice my pants and boxers peeling off and falling to my ankles, or how my socks slipped off as I shuffled. Not only my height, but my weight as well... it was all being shed at an alarmingly fast degree, until I was only *4'11"* tall at *most*. **“I'm so short!? Ah!? My voice...”**

Because I'd already assumed that I had biologically become a woman, I hadn't been *that* surprised to hear such a melodic pitch leaving my own mouth. It was a *pretty* voice and just thinking that made me want to try singing again. It took all of my power to refrain, but that resistance was waning the more feminine my body became. I didn't have a means to check my face in that moment, and if I had? It would have revealed a much more feminine, much *younger* face... of a short girl around *sixteen or seventeen*. Nonetheless, I looked like myself *if* I'd been a girl of that age.

Well, I probably would have been taller than *4'11"* if that had been *exact*.

Like Sunna and Nangong before me, I began to develop a girl's figure. My chest puffed up into A-cups of my own, but it wasn't *quite* the same. My nipples paled until they were the same color as the skin around them and smoothed away, making my vaguely puffy chest look more like the chest of a doll – just like what had happened to my crotch. **“I'm a girl, but... Why is that so weird? I mean, I guess I'm just identifying as one, but... Wait, what does that mean!?”**

Unfortunately, my memories were beginning to adjust to the life that was being forced upon me. Things that had been *clearly* wrong before

now felt *right*, and if anything? I was more confused about how *warm* my body felt. Either way, my figure hadn't finished swelling. My tiny bosom *had*, but my hips were forced *significantly* wider than the other two girls, and for good reason. My ass swelled to roughly *three* times its original size to make use of that width, whereas my thighs swelled until they were so supple that each thigh was thicker than my narrowed waist. They almost looked *too* thick, at least for a girl of my age and height.

The song continued to play in the background, but I'd stopped focusing on it. "I was warm, but I'm starting to feel *really* cold..." Which was comforting in a way, because wasn't that how I was *supposed* to feel? I didn't even blink at the sound of my voice, which had taken on an almost *mechanical* echo. Evidently, there had been a *reason* that my face hadn't changed to look like the face of a certain character, and that was because my flesh and blood face hadn't really *mattered* in the first place.

Everything had felt cooler, but that was no more noticeable than in my cheeks. I'd been so embarrassed throughout that my cheeks had been *burning* red, but that embarrassment slowly became difficult to express through pumping blood... namely because my body was short on it. The veins in my cheeks hadn't just dried up, they had *disappeared*, all while the color of my cheeks were tinged silver and they *hardened* to a cold, firm *steel*. Everything about my face succumbed to this, but my lips and nose were smoothed away and the interior of my mouth was robbed of any moisture.

It was a face that looked like the face of a *robot*. My eyeballs briefly felt like they were *bulging*, but they ended up pushing out into flattened, black panels upon which a pair of blue eyes were *projected*. They were tiny screens that responded to where I was looking and how I was feeling, but of course... They could only work that way if my brain had been *digitized*. In the most painful way possible, my brain had been replaced by a *computer*. "I-I-I-I-I..."

There was a momentary short-circuit as my mind adjusted to its new form, while in the meantime? The hair that remained on my head all peeled off to reveal a bubblegum pink dome behind me where my scalp should have been. If that wasn't strange enough, the steel dome grew four teardrop-shaped points that resembled a girl's pigtails. It was clear they were meant to resemble hair. The silver vent that grew up from my forehead? That was clearly more for heat dissipation!

I had fallen silent even though the song had almost ended. My systems were rebooting, giving the rest of my body a chance to repurpose itself as the frame of a robot... or an *Intelligent Construct* as they were known

in this world. My arms became the same hard, silvery white as my face for example, and wherever there were joints they were *carved out* to reveal a black frame underneath. This included my small fingers, but my wrists and forearms *swelled* into bulbous armguards with four-pointed star indentations of black and yellow circles. They had *clearly* been designed for combat despite how small and cute I was.

And there was a reason for that.

My torso largely exposed the black that my armored 'skin' was doing a good job of concealing otherwise. This metal was less durable than the silver, and it wrapped around my pelvis and even the shape of my chest, still vaguely defined as a chest of the girl despite how form and artificial it had become. Some of that skin *did* bulge into the same white as my arms, but it did so around my back and hips, parting slightly above my hips.

“REBOOTING... REST MODE DISABLED...” The next time I spoke, it wasn't because of my own will. It was an automated message uttered only because my systems mandated it. My *vision* was introduced to a number of system checks, all while my legs underwent the same process as my arms had... *vaguely*. Though it immediately differed from the bulging paneling on my right leg being painted pink more like a legging.

The thickness of my thighs certainly made more sense as they firmed into cold steel. A seam appeared across either thigh that demonstrated they were composed of two panels that had been pushed together. My knees were etched into almost star-shaped panels that showed off the frame around it, but they were unprotected from behind to allow proper movement. Meanwhile, below my knees down to my feet were covered by a singular panel of pink or white depending on the leg.

It was just that my feet... weren't quite *human* feet? My toes compressed along with the length of each foot, toes darkening to black stubs that were *barely* visible by the time my feet had effectively *melted* away. I was effectively standing on a pair of nubs at the base of my legs, but I had been programmed to move far more cleanly upon them than any human ever could on their own. On the pure light leg, a company logo was branded on the top panel of my thigh, while a red emblem was branded just below it on the lower panel.

Evidently I needed some accessories, because four green bows appeared on my hips to match the bows of the other two girls. A black steel visor with antennae ended up built into my forehead, and white, frilly cuffs wrapped beneath my shoulders. Even a pair of large, clunky, metallic chakrams ended up hanging from my hips. White on top, silver

underneath, and pink within the cutouts. But like the visor, they were technically *part* of my body. They were connected to my systems.



“Okay! I think I’ m well rested enough for today!” ‘Rest’ was kind of an unusual thing for an Intelligent Construct like me to speak on, but hey! Even we got ‘tired’! It was more a matter of our energy reserves running out, and we needed to ‘recharge’... literally! That was why I had a cable connected to a port under the bed that I could just plug in whenever I wanted to! A little bit of overexertion early in the day led to me losing steam, and I’d needed a little midday ‘nap’ if I was going to be fully charged for practice!

Practice? Well, I was *Aria* of the Angels of Delusion, after all! We had a show coming up, and Sunna had composed a brand-new song! That meant new choreography from Nangong, and *plenty* of vocal practice from me as the group’s main vocalist! ...Was it cheating that I could modify my voice to be pitch perfect? *Maybe*, but I had a solution for that! After checking my phone to see that Nangong had invited me to surprise Sunna before practice began, I activated my cloaking function and... “**Tadaa!**”



I looked like a perfectly cute, perfectly normal human girl!

And so? I was on my way! I was already running a little late! Maybe I’d pick up some boba for everyone on the way...?

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*DING!*

“**There you are! Don’t tell me *you* slept in?**” Nangong, who had been resting against the wall off to the side of the elevator, smirked as Aria stepped off the opening elevator with a hop and a skip and three boba cups in hand (with one made with oil). She was wearing her

human disguise, which made her expression easier to read. It *basically* said ‘Don’t you dare make fun of me, Nangong’ which was totally fair! That was why Sunna was Nangong’s favorite victim! **“Well, let’s go surprise Sunna! You’re going to spot us for dinner, right?”**

Another swing and another miss, because Aria laughed. **“You know I’ll chip in! But I definitely can’t pay for all three of us! Not to mention I bet you invited Cecilia, Wise, and Belle too, didn’t you?”** No answer. So, *yes*. She took Nangong’s hand and practically dragged her towards Sunna’s door, only for Nangong to take the initiative and pull *her* once she threw the door open. As always, Nangong was going to make a scene (*to try and startle Sunna*). It was *usually* successful.

**“SUNNA, LET’S GO OUT FOR DINNER!”**

**“WH-WHAAAAAAAT!?”**

And it was successful once again!

Dinner was basically uneventful, but there was *one* strange conversation that ended up coming up. All three Angels were talking about things ‘not feeling quite right’ at one point, like they’d all been struck by a strange sense of unfamiliarity at the same time. But all it took was one joke from Nangong for them to *all* forget about it! *Permanently*.